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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



HE GETS THERE, JUST THE SAME.

Why? Because he is Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.



PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor . . . . . H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, October 9th, 1889.—No. 657.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE IS SOMETHING GRAND in the spectacle of a free people going to the polls and casting its votes to declare by what principles, according to what ideas, its government shall be conducted. There is something ridiculous in the spectacle of a free people going to the polls for this purpose, electing its officers, and then sitting down to be governed on a plan exactly contrary to that for which it had declared. The position of a free people, under these circumstances, is certainly not dignified. To use a coarse but expressive phrase, the men voted for have "made monkeys" of the men who voted for them. It is not a pleasant thing to be "made a monkey of" under any circumstances; but to be "made a monkey of" when a man is exercising the highest privilege of citizenship and performing a duty of pure patriotism must be peculiarly degrading and humiliating.

A man must have little respect for himself and little respect for his country if he does not feel the disgrace of being thus tricked by his party leaders, whom he has, by his vote, selected for his representatives: the men who stand for him, who represent his ideas and opinions, who go into the councils of the nation to speak and act as he would if he could. Our Republican friends have declined to think for themselves on the grave questions of the time; they have followed the lead of their party managers without inquiring too closely whether it led right or wrong, and they have voted for the party ticket as a matter of course, disdaining to ask whether that ticket decently represented the sentiment of the country or of the party itself. But we do not believe that they threw their self-respect into the ballot-boxes along with the thoughtless votes which they cast for the men who to-day dishonor the party which, a quarter of a century ago, saved the Union. It is our firm conviction that the vast majority of them are heartily ashamed of their choice, and thoroughly



### SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE.

ESAU GOUP.—I say, Elisha, did you ever have any faith in hair-restorers?  
ELISHA BALDWIN.—Why? Don't I look like a victim of them?

disgusted with the strangely incompetent person whom they have elected to the office to which, twenty-nine years ago, their party elected Abraham Lincoln.

It is all very well, in the heat of a campaign, for a citizen to refuse to hear any arguments about tariff reform or any criticisms on the course of his party, to declare that he will vote as he has always voted, and as his father voted before him. In a period of excitement, a man does not trouble himself much about his motives. He fancies that he prefers to act with this party or with that, and opposition only enrages him. He votes as he chooses to vote; and he chooses without consulting his reason or his conscience. That he says he will vote thus and so and does vote thus and so satisfies him; and if the party to which he belongs is successful in the contest, he at once dismisses any doubts he may have had as to the propriety of his course, and is buoyed up with a complacent conviction that, as the majority MUST be right, he, as one of the majority, is surely and unquestionably right.

But when the heat of the campaign is over, and his party's candidate is elected, and actually in office, doing his work as a servant of the people, the citizen looks upon the situation in a different light. He can but realize that he, personally, has a stake in the fortunes of the man or men whom he has helped to elect. If his vote has been instrumental in putting a President in office, he feels a certain responsibility for that President. The President may feel no responsibility for him; but he can not escape the fact that the President sits at the head of the government, and that he would not sit there if a certain number of citizens had not supported the nomination of their party leaders. He is one of the citizens who gave this support to the managers of their party. If the managers have selected a good man for their presidential candidate, he is a sharer in their glory. If they have selected a bad man, whom he has helped to elect, either his judgement or his honesty of purpose is open to question. In the one case or the other, he has to answer an awkward question: "What do you think of that President of yours?"

The Republican citizen who has to face this question in 1889 generally meets it with perfect frankness, (he has no other choice,) and admits that "President Harrison is a disappointment." This means, in plain English, that the Republican citizen admits that he has helped to elect the worst President that this country has seen since the days of Andrew Johnson. Andrew Johnson was a worse President, because the political situation in his time made his misdeeds more perniciously important. He interrupted the reconstruction of a union of states not yet recovered from the disturbance of a civil war waged to establish our national unity. But it was on a question of principle that Johnson turned traitor to his party and lost the confidence of the country at large. It may be said of him, at least, that he did not sink to open prostitution of his office for mere private or party ends.

But what can the most earnest Republican say of Mr. Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States? He has been seven months in office, and all that he has done in those seven months is to turn out Democratic officials—regardless of their integrity, industry, intelligence or fitness for office—and appoint Republicans in their places, at the dictation of his party leaders. He has, indeed, reserved a few public places which the party leaders would have disposed of—he has reserved them to give to members of his own family. This is his whole record for seven months of his four-years term. He has performed no one act of statesmanship; he has suggested to the nation no single idea of progress; he has done nothing, absolutely nothing, beyond obeying his party and family leaders in turning Democrats out of office and finding employment for Republicans and relatives. Yes, he has done one thing else. He has made frequent and bitter complaints of the hard work of ordering discharges of Democrats and signing commissions of Republicans. At least, he has complained of being overworked. And this is all the work that he has done.

This has been all his work. And all this work has been done in direct defiance and negation of the solemn pledges which he made when he ran for the Presidency. He asked the members of his party to vote for him because he could easily enforce the civil service reform laws which President Cleveland had found difficult of enforcement. The pledge and promise of 1888 he has turned to a lie in 1889. He was the candidate of Civil Service Reform in November, 1888. In March, 1889, he turned the White House into a political intelligence-office, and he has been running it as a political intelligence-office ever since.

These are plain and undeniable facts. The question that confronts the men who voted for him in 1888 is this: Did they vote for him knowing that he cared nothing for his pledges and his promises, or has he, in that coarse but expressive phrase, made monkeys of them?



# Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XLI.

## MONTPELIER, VERMONT.



MONTPELIER is situated wholly within the borders of Vermont. Vermont derives its name partly from Montpelier, and partly from the French.

It must not be inferred from its presence in the Gazetteer constellation that Montpelier is a star of the first magnitude; but this week's Puck will create a stir of the first magnitude in Burlington.

The village is tucked down among the hills like a dimple in the cheek of Nature. There is considerable cheek in the dimple.

The Earth passes between Montpelier and the Sun every day at a few minutes past Camels Hump. Eclipses are so common here, and business is so dull that the Sun could "lay off" a day without causing particular mention.

This is one of the wealthiest towns in the state. Its principal public institutions are the public streets and the public debt. The cellar walls of a government building are located here.

The production of slate and granite is extensive in this vicinity. The slate came into popularity soon after the early settlers died out. The granite is largely used as a background for epitaphs, and its weight makes it in many cases eminently desirable.

Montpelier has a population of 3,679, all different. This figure is exclusive of four livery stables and the cemetery.

Three lines of railroad connect with Barre and the daily papers. The fact that these roads would not come here, were it not for Montpelier, is one of the things that make the citizens so proud of their village.

The admission of Vermont into the Union in 1791 included Montpelier, and as soon as its tavern keeper could mix a cocktail without molasses, it was made the capital.

The State House is situated on the south side of Capitol Hill, 300 feet high, and, when the western loan agent views it, he disposes of a four per cent. mortgage to the affluent native with greater ease by call-

ing it a beautiful building. The structure is of granite, and moss flourishes all over it without the aid of an appropriation. Ceres adorns the dome. She holds a sheaf of wheat. It is a fine piece of work. Ceres is just as good as the wheat. This is the highest gain has ever been in town. The entrance to the Capitol grounds is, in particular, a gem. At present it represents a large mossy gate.

Montpelier has two opera houses, one of which is in Burlington. Burlington will be remembered as the home and resting place of Senator Edmund's autograph. Burlington always refers to Montpelier as "the hamlet," probably because it prefers to bear those hills it has, rather than slide down toboggan chutes that it knows not of.

There are about nine miles of brick sidewalk in town, consuming annually an average of 242,397 boot-heels. A Montpelierite may generally be recognized by the retiring disposition of his boots.

There are a few interesting old residences, some of which have century plants in their yards.

Lafayette stopped here once for a day. He spent the time in giving away canes, twenty of which are still carried as souvenirs of his generosity.

No one shakes hands at the Capital now, on account of a recent law permitting grips to be searched.

The Montpelier young man, as soon as his judgement of female beauty ripens, leaves for the West.

There is one strange thing about the place; that is, two persons walking down parallel streets often meet.

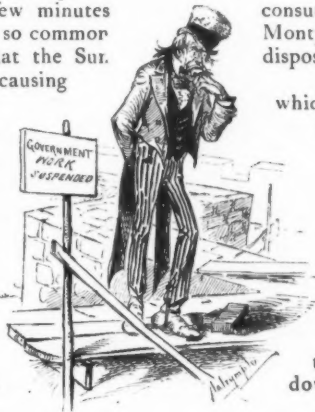
Mosquitos are not known here, and therefore Montpelier is a Summer resort.

Iron springs are manufactured here and mineral waters may be had at all the drug stores. The strong odor of the Onion River is attractive to Canadian tourists, but distasteful to insects. Horse flies and mud abound.

The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in the catarrh industry.

"Success to Prohibition" is the ordinary toast over all the bars.

W. H. C.



### A DARK CONSPIRACY.



EZRA NAPOLEON.—Shet yo' eyes an' open yo' mouf, Mammy.



MAMMY.—Doan yo' go fo' to fool yo' old Mammy wif a gun wad, chile.



## SOME MOTH-EATEN CITY ITEMS.

THE NEW REPORTER from the Maine Journalistic Training School, recently engaged by the New York *Rusher*, has gone home.

His first copy handed in was as below, and was found too spicy for the metropolis:

Janitor Hanscomb, of the Equable Life Building, drowned four kittens yesterday. Let the good work go on, John.

The A. T. Stewart heirs have had a new board put in the fence surrounding their 129th Street property. The improvement has long been needed.

The Manhattan Company contemplate extensive improvements in their Centre Street property in 1902.

A new hitching-post was placed at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets yesterday.

Later.

We were wrong. It was a lamp-post.

Mr. Z. B. L., of Nassau Street, will please accept the thanks of the editor for lending our reporter \$2.50 on Saturday last.

Many of our towns-people may be seen in Trinity churchyard usually.

The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, whose station is on Forty-second Street, near Depew Place, bought a new hand-car yesterday. The equipment of this road is steadily improving.

Put on your flannels!

Tark and Pilford have a barrel of pickles at their store which will make your mouth water. Also a large stock of pure sperm candles, which they are selling cheap. \* \* \*

Wacy has received a new invoice of those delicious bolivars.

Pay your subscriptions now!

Bishop Potter's hired girl—her name escapes us—lost a fine batch of dough Tuesday, by reason of one of the pug pups taking it for a lair.

Our town never was more prosperous than at present, and it is understood that Solomon Abendroth will start a stocking factory, employing two or more hands, on Lispenard Street, early in the spring.

Bargains at Biffany's.

The Union League Club is composed of some very pleasant gentlemen.

The ticket-agent of the Elevated Railroad at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street is named Dennis, and is a polite and courteous official. We lost our ticket one day last week, and he allowed us to skin through the gate.

P. Whelan, Esq., of Second Avenue, has been unanimously appointed meat-carver at the dog pound. Faithful service will always tell in the end.

It rained yesterday.

We noticed George Hapgood, of Sebago Lake, on the streets a day or two ago. Look out George, and don't get buncoed!

A book of verses by our editor is going to be published soon.

Price, 25 cents.

Send money order or registered letter.

J. S. G.

THE FLUSH beats the straight in the game of politics.



## A NEEDED REFORM.

COUNT FRANGANAPOLI.—Ah, ha! Beatri, we staya in America littel while, we teacha ze blockheads to maka spaghetti vat is white!

## AN OFT-USED TERM.

JIMMY PRYOR.—Papa, what is "un-American?"

MR. PRYOR.—Any thing the foreigners in this country don't like.

## AN INTERRUPTED READING.

SMALL BOY.—Pop, how do you spell new?

POP (*busy reading*).—Go to the dictionary.

SMALL BOY.—How do you spell Jersey?

POP.—Go to the cyclopædia.

SMALL BOY.—Say, Pop, why do folks make such fun of New Jersey?

POP.—Go to Jersey.

## DID NOT WANT TO BE BUTCHERED.

The boy had his first tooth pulled in the old-fashioned way. Phil yelled as soon as he could; and catching a glimpse of his little bloody toothlet dangling from the string, he rushed under his mother's bed, shrieking:

"Oh, Lor—Lor—Lord! If I've got to die—if you are bound to take me—ple—ple—please, Dad, let me die a natural death!"

## BUSINESS.

JILL.—I wonder why they make the magazines so stupid nowadays?

JACK.—I suppose it is to make the advertising pages more attractive by contrast.

## ON THE PIOUS PLAN.

LITTLESORT.—Can you let me have a small ham until the first of the month, Mr. Herring?

GROCER.—We are running this store on the religious newspaper principle now, Mr. Little-short.

"How? In what way?"

"We never give credit for any thing."

THE BROOKLYN VERSION—All Roads Lead to the Ferry.

A PERSONAL COLUMN—The Spinal.

"BEGOBS," said Moriarty, when he heard the sentence—Ten Dollars or Ten Days—"Yure Honor flattens me. Oi niver knew me toime was worth that much before!"



## POKER AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

MRS. GUELPH.—Well, Milord, I call you. What do you hold?

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN (*pausing for breath*).—Eh—eh—

MRS. GUELPH.—Well, Milord—I await your answer.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN (*uncovering three queens and two tens*).—With all due respect, I have—your Majesties—full!



## SLIGHTLY UNEXPECTED.

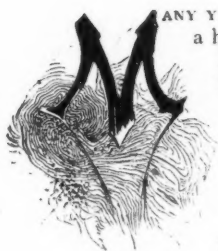


MATURE MAIDEN. — Oh, Mr. Sapp, there's another of the delightful drop-a-nickel machines! They're always getting up something new in that line; let us go over and see what this one is!



MATURE MAIDEN. — It is a mystery to me, Mr. Sapp, how people can allow themselves to be imposed upon by those silly, catch-penny traps!

## A SUGGESTION TO THE LATE DR. JOHNSON.



ANY YEARS have elapsed since Dr. Johnson walked into a hole in the horizon, so to speak, and was lost to human view. As a result, he has been for some time far beyond the reach of praise or cavi. It is, indeed, saddening to reflect how utterly impossible it is to get at him now with a little well-meant advice.

The Doctor was highly esteemed by those who did not know him. True, he erected poems of the Doric order of architecture; but everybody who toyed with the rhyming dictionary in his day was afflicted with Pope's painful idea of how poetry should be constructed.

"He has, nevertheless," a friend of mine remarked strikingly the other day, "written poems which the world will not willingly let die."

Let us remember, too, how he planted evergreens around the place which he holds in the hearts of admiring posterity by the massive way in which he sat down on the Chesterfield.

As I said, it is to be regretted that a suggestion which I should like to place before the Doctor can not be conveyed to him, though I feel sure he would receive it with approval. For he was not an intractable man. His Dictionary may appear to be behind the age. But if he were alive to-day, he would cheerfully invite suggestions toward bringing it up to date, and would add all the modern improvements. As it is, consider the impressive spectacle he must have presented when at work upon it, dotting the landscape picturesquely with large chunks and fragments of the English language!

But I started out to make a suggestion to the distinguished author of "Rasselas." It was this: In the outset of his Satire, "On the Vanity of Human Wishes," he seems to have unaccountably neglected a great opportunity for making one of the finest hits in all literature. How effective would his opening lines have been, had he written them thus:

Let Observation, with extensive view,  
Survey Mankind from China to Peru;  
And then let Observation, if she can,  
Kindly point out to us one worthy man  
Who deals in Teas that once in China grew,  
Or Peruvian Park that ever saw Peru!

After such a flight, he might have paused in rapt contemplation of ages yet to be, with the assurance that his poem would live when the works of all his contemporaries were mud in the swamps of the Past.

*Tristram Shandygaffe.*

## A PROVERB APPLIED.

There was a young man named Maguire,  
Who thought he would smoke in the choir.  
The sexton, no doubt,  
As he fired him out,  
Remarked, "There's no smoke without fire!"

CONSTANCY MAY be admirable; but the man who never forgives a favor, or forgets an injury would hardly make a good friend.

## IN A RESTAURANT.

LIKE ONE who loves two dozen maidens fair,  
But can not say just which he loves the most,—  
Lucille, whose supple figure's her chief boast,  
Or Rose, with the Danaï shower of golden hair,  
Or sweet Egeria,—till in wild despair  
He feels as though he would give up the ghost,  
But flies headlong unto the "hitching post,"  
And weds an old red-headed freckled scare;  
So I, sore puzzled as to what I'll choose  
Of all these dishes in their French array,  
For which my spirit musically calls,  
Grow weary soon, and all my patience lose,  
And in dazed manner to the waiter say:

"Oh, botheration! bring me some codfish balls!"

*R. K. M.*



## A BIG DIFFERENCE.

MRS. NEWHAND. — What! Twenty cents a pound for mackerel? Why, the man across the street only asks sixteen cents!

FISHMONGER. — Very good, Madam; but you must remember that my fish are all hand-caught; those you see opposite are caught in nets; it makes a difference, you know.

MRS. NEWHAND. — Of course — how stupid of me! You may give me that large one there.

## AT LIBERTY.



"There goes that cop for his midnight nap."



"Bless me, if it doesn't make me feel tired to see the way he neglects his duties!"



"I wonder if he is sleeping yet?"



"I guess I'll get down and have a little stretch, myself."



"This is refreshing."



"Now for about forty winks."



"Goodness me! What's that?"



"Just my luck!"

### RANDOM REMARKS.

"NIGHT is a cloak for sin." A Fall overcoat, as it were.

SOME OF the daily papers should hang their "heads" in shame.

THE SULTAN has in his train an alert conductor to collect the fair.

MOTHER NATURE causes a great deal less trouble than stepmother Habit.

ON THE greased pole of success there's always room at the top.

BOYS go to West Point for a cadetship, and girls for a cadet smack.

WHEN a horse begins to rear, let him make his will. He is on his last legs.

MANY WHO teach the young idea how to shoot, apparently don't know that it's loaded.

IT TAKES US half our lives to learn that mankind are fools; and the other half to be convinced that we are one of them.

A GOOD MANY PEOPLE would be poorer now if they had had more to start with.

THE SAILOR who "takes the sun" daily is not deemed so greedy as the landsman who merely wants the earth.

RICHES HAVE WINGS, and greenbacks should be printed on fly-paper.

WHEN SOLOMON ALLEGED, "There is nothing new under the Sun," he showed himself unfamiliar with Br'er Dana's agility in finding some new victim to sit down upon.



Liberty for every one but Liberty.

C. F. Lummis.

### DIVERS DIALOGUES.

#### AN EXCUSE, ANY HOW.

MR. REMSEN KUHLER (*during the intermission*).—The papers are right, by Jove! This music is dreadful! (*Arises.*)

MRS. KUHLER.—You ought to be thankful for that!

REMSSEN KUHLER.—I don't know why I should!

MRS. KUHLER.—What excuse would you men have to go out between the acts?

#### TROUBLE BREWING.

KEENE.—There's trouble brewing for Americans, I tell you.

KNOTT SHARPE.—How so?

KEENE.—Because the Englishmen are buying up all the breweries.

#### NO OPPOSITION.

DE BRUSSE.—Yes; I'm fairly in love with my work.

SINNICK.—Lucky lover! You'll never have a rival.

#### A VILE PLOT.

"No," sobbed a great man's widow, the other day, "my late husband's enemies are determined that no memorial of him shall be erected."

"Why are you so sure of that, Madam?"

"Because they have started a popular subscription in New York to build a monument to him."

#### A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.

COLONEL BLAND.—Why, Harry, my boy, how are you? I have n't seen any thing of you for a long time; but I watch your career closely, and you know I am deeply interested in your future.

HARRY.—Thank you, Colonel. I know you are. Was just looking for you. Am in a tight place, and want to know if you could let me have two hundred by noon to-day.

COLONEL BLAND.—Well—er—Harry, you see, I am so solicitous about your future, I can't even consider any proposition relating to the present. Pretty day.



## AERATED AIR.

"**N**ow," said Mr. Upson Downes, "it's a popular fallacy that the public likes to be humbugged. It don't. But it just hollers for a chance to humbug itself. Never fool the public, that's my motto. Let the public fool itself."

"Now, eleven years ago, I was in Chicago, sitting on the ruins of a busted soda-water manufacturing business. I put \$7,000 into it on the representation of a fellow who had about a dozen new patents. So he had; but seven of 'em would n't work, and the other five were infringements. The chaps who were infringed on came down on us, and my partner skipped out, and left me with the lease of our factory at Lakeside on my hands. My other assets were \$700 and a lot of machinery — most of it good for scrap iron exclusively."

"Well, I sat there one day, on the charging machine — that was good — looking at the tanks — you know those blue tanks they stick under the soda-water fountains. They were good, too, except that there was n't any thing in 'em besides air."

"Well, I thought to myself, 'what's the matter with air? May be there's money in air.'"

"That afternoon I founded 'The Dr. Huyker Hygienic Sick-Room Air-Supply Co.', to supply sick-rooms with fresh, invigorating air — aerated air, in fact."

"Aerated air?" queried a listener: "you mean oxygen —"

"Oxy rats!" returned Mr. Downes, sternly: "I would n't know oxygen from a hole in the wall. I mean *air*. I supplied the fresh air to aerate the sick-room air. See?"

"Dr. Huyker was a newspaper reporter who'd been a chemist once. He had n't any thing to do with the Company except to write the circulars, and I paid him \$10 for that. He did 'em up in the finest scientific shape. I could n't give you the language; but here's the idea, about as I gave it to him:

"What's the matter with all the sick who get the right feed and the right medicine, and don't get well? Sick-room air. You can't open a window on a sick and let the January weather in on him. He gets the shakes. Well, what's that sick breathing? Germs and microbes and things. Why? Because such critters get fat on sick-room air. Put a microbe on the top of Mount Washington, and he won't have a show for his life. What kills him? Fresh air."

"Follow me? Well, air's naturally fresh. Leave air alone and it stays fresh. That being the natural tendency of air, when it does get stale, all you need to do is to sweeten it and get it started freshening itself. You know how a half-pint of blood injected into a sick's veins freshens up all the rest of the gallons of blood in him? You know how a little water trickling into an aquarium keeps all the fishes fine as silk? Same way with the sick-room air. Keep Dr. Huyker's Tank of Compressed Fresh Air, just off the Shores of Lake Michigan, injecting its precious ozone into your Sick Room, and the air will freshen itself



## NO CREDIT TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

MRS. O'MEARA (*boastfully*). — Is it a book ye have? Sure 'n' it's cash I pay for every t'ing I buy.

MRS. FLYNN. — Will, an' ef ye did n't, ther things ye bought would be shtill in the shtore.

and starve the germs and things out. Sure 's you're bora. That was the drift of my circulars."

"But *will* it?" inquired an interested hearer.

Mr. Upson Downes stared in amazement.

"Holy smoke!" he said, "I don't know. I ain't any College of Pharmacy. I'm only giving you what I gave the public. See?"

"And did it take?"

"Does a cat take milk? I painted six of my tanks bright red, loaded 'em up and took 'em to six prominent citizens who were sick. A prominent citizen will try most any thing he can get without paying for. The next week I got letters saying how much better they felt, how they'd got new leases of life, and so on. One poetical millionaire pork-packer wrote me that I'd brought the balmy atmosphere of Spring into the pallid integuments of the sick-room. I published those letters. In a month I had five wagons going all day, delivering tanks — \$5 a tank, and return the tank. And you could n't go into a sick-room in Chicago where you would n't find one of my tanks sizzing away in the corner, letting out one cubic foot of compressed air per hour — and the sick sitting up telling how I'd saved his life."

"The doctors? Oh, that was all right. Two or three of 'em



## OF COURSE.

COBALT. — I have just been looking at Umber's latest study of the nude — charming female figure swinging on a branch, against a back-ground of cold, gray sky.

OCHRE. — What is he going to call it?

COBALT. — Winter.

denounced me. Up came a lot of the people I'd saved and denounced them, for narrow-minded old fogies. But most of the doctors just dodged the issue. Doctors don't want to buck against the harmless whims of their customers. Suppose a doctor has a profitable sick, and the sick thinks it would do him good to paint his nose sky-blue? Does the doctor kick?

"Well, I had my fortune on a string; and then I had to just make a fool of myself. I wanted to have a good time — not the kind of good time you have in Chicago; but a real, gilt-edged, diamond-tipped metropolitan good time with some style about it. So I came back here to the city, and for three weeks I painted New York a pale shrimp-pink, with spots of acute carmine. I felt pretty easy — I'd left the business in charge of an old Irishman that I'd known for years — a stolid old cuss who obeyed orders, and never had an idea of his own."

"Yes. It was all right — only it was n't. First thing I knew, some body sent me a Chicago paper with an editorial in it saying that I had poisoned every sick-room in town, and that I need n't be surprised if a mob of outraged citizens sacked my microbe factory. Said I'd fled beyond the reach of justice."

"What was the matter? Well, I went back and found out. Some body had leased the building next to mine, and started a sludge-acid factory. His waste-escape was about three feet from the feed pipe of my charging-machine. That old Irishman was cramming the tanks full of air that was worse than a dozen concentrated Hunter's Points. 'I had the har-r-r-d job follyin' yer ordhers,' he told me: 'sure the min wud wor-r-rk only fifteen-minute shifts in that air — but I filled ivery tank as ye towld me.'"

"Well, could n't you explain the mistake?" some one asked.

"There's no explaining a mistake," said Mr. Downes, decisively; "if I'd done it on purpose, I might have been all right. When I got through with the lawyers, I came back to New York, and sold Chicago pawn-tickets to drummers at 90 per cent. discount for a week after I got here. If I had n't, I would n't be talking to you now."





PUCK.



A certain Member of the Barmecide Family, (as is related in the "Arabian Nights,") once invited a Hungry Man to dine with him. "Eat," he said, "drink, and be merry! Taste of this delicious Civil Service Reform Soup. Do you not like Civil Service Reform in the Soup?" And at the same time he presented to the Hungry Man an Empty Plate. "And here," he said, "is some fine Equitable Tariff Roast Lamb!" and he showed the Hungry Man a Plate with Nothing on it. "Now take a little of this High Moral Ideas Pudding — I assure you it will not hurt the most Delicate Stomach," said the Barmecide, as he displayed a Clean, Bare and Bald Dish. "And now," he continued, "you must wash down this Excellent Dinner with some of my Own Particular Prosperity Wine."

But the Hungry Man, having for a long time worked his Jaws on Emptiness, and stretched his Gullet with Wind, became Fatigued with this Elegant Style of Feasting, and by-and-by knocked his Host down. "You must not be surprised," he observed, "if I go somewhat off my Head, for the Richness of the Fare you have provided for me has Gone to my Brain, and Too Much Atmosphere in the Stomach makes me a Trifle Demonstrative. No, thank you, I will not take any Honest Pension Cake, or any Vigorous Foreign Policy Ice Cream. Good Morning!"

BARMECIDE FEAST.

## MRS. PERKINS'S BROTHER.

"MY BROTHER TOM," said the widow Perkins, addressing several of her lady friends; "is one o' the smartes' men I ever see, even if I do say it. He shows his smartness in a thousand things; but the real genius of the man never did shine out so bright as when he settled that quarrel 'twix Pete Napton an' Jim Rivers 'bout a hoe-helve.

"The thing happened at the cross-roads sto'. Jim swo' by everything that the hoe-helve was hisnt, an' Pete swo' he wish he may die if the hoe-helve was n't hisnt; an' so it went; an' they was squobblin' an' both claimin' it when Tom got to the sto'. Then they saw they could n't settle it 'mongst thei'selves, an' they both 'greed to make Tom referee, an' leave it to him an' stan' by jes' what he said.

"You know, Tom is a natural peace-maker, an' loves to settle quarrels an' ill-feelin's 'mongst neighbors; so he 'greed to ac' for 'em, an' do his bes'.

"Then Tom got the statements o' both men, an' all the other evidence he could lay hold on; but 't wa' n't no use; the evidence was so mixed up an' so both-sided that Tom could n't decide.

"Now, you know, Tom is powerful on the Old Testament. He loves to read it, an' nothin' in it strikes him more than Solomon's Jedge'ment 'bout the two women quarrelin' over one baby, an' each one claimin' it as her own. So when Tom saw thar wa' n't 'nough proof to decide the case for either man, he jes' up an' says to 'em:

"'Lookee here, boys; this dispute can't be decided on the evidence, for the evidenee is too conflictin'; thar ain't but one thing to be done: I'll lay the hoe-helve on this stump, an' have it cut in two with an ax; then each man will take half."

"The folks stan'in' 'round was 'stonished; but they did n't say nothin'. Well, nex' thing, Tom jes' laid the hoe-helve on the stump, an' told that big black nigger, Nep Larry, to go in the sto' an' git an ax. Nep started for the sto', an' still nobody said a word. Then the nigger come with the ax an' got ready; an' as the nigger was squarin' hisself for a good lick, Tom tried to check him up by winkin'; but 't wa' n't no use o' winkin' at that nigger, for he jes' give the ax a swirl, an' blest if he did n't slam it right squar' through the hoe-helve, an' make one-half fall on each side o' the stump. Then Jim picked up his half an' looked satis-



## THE GLASS-EATER IN RETIREMENT.

PROFESSOR CRUNCHI.—Benita, we'll have to discharge that girl! That 's the third time she 's served the iridescent goblets for breakfast, when she knows I prefer something more substantial.

fied, an' Pete jerked his en' an' slung it over the fence, an' did n't say a word.

"Well, later in the evenin', when Tom had started for home, Pete caught up with him, an' says to him:

"'Lookee here, Tom, I pledge you my word an' honor as a man that the hoe-helve was mine; an', besides, what use do you think any mortal man on the face of the earth can make with half a hoe-helve?"

"'Now, lookie here, Pete,' says Tom, in his kind, gentle way; 'do you ever read your Bible?"

"'I used to, when I was a boy,' said Pete, 'but I reck'n I done forgot what I used to know 'bout it."

"'Well, that explains the whole thing,' said Tom. 'Why, man, don't you remember King Solomon's Jedge'ment, when two women fotch him a child, an' both was claimin' it? Of co'se, nobody kin find use fer half a hoe-helve, no mo' den a woman kin find use for half a baby. When you saw the nigger comin' with the ax, you oughter spoke up right then an' thar, an' said "Stop! don't cut the hoe-helve in two; let Jim have it all; never mind me!" Then I'd 'a' knowed right away that the hoe-helve was yours."

J. A. Macon.

## A TIMELY LESSON.

UNCLE JAKE.—You must wuck with energy, Israel, ef you wucker tall. Scriptah says, "Wotsomever you hast-est fer to do you oughter dust it wid all yo' hawt an' mine an' stren'th." An' above all things doan pronasticrate.

ISRAEL.—Don't whichtycrate, Uncle?

UNCLE JAKE.—Doan pronasticrate. Doan put off twell nex' week whatchah orter done lass yeah. Time, Israel, is a mighty hahd hoss to head. Tharfo' it behoofs you, my chile, as Scriptah says, to ketch him by the fetlock ef you wantah come undah de wiah 'fo' he does.



## BLARNEY.

CARPING PASSENGER.—Why did n't you let me out at Thirteenth Street, as I asked you to?

HAPPY CONDUCTOR.—Oi 'm sorry th' trouble Oi gev ye, Ma'am, but Oi 'ought it a shame t' lave sich a purty leddy near sich an unlucky number. Oi 'm spakin' thruth!

THE PAPERS have been discussing the man with a mission. They would handle the man without a mission, but that they fear to exasperate Elliot F. Shepard.

A NATIONAL BANK—That New York gets the World's Fair.

"LIGHT, PLEASE," as the hunter said to the bird.

THE TANNER is now a little Harrison burnt himself.

IN BASE BALL, as in cookery, the best batter takes the cake.



## THE NEW MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

Prepared Expressly for the Use of the Children in the White House.



Fe, fi, fo, fum!  
I smell the pay of a workingman.  
Be it great or be it small,  
I will have some.

"O Tariff! O Tariff! O Tariff!" said I,  
"Wherefore, oh, wherefore, oh, wherefore so high?"  
"To keep the prices way up in the sky, —  
I'll take a tumble by-and-by."



Oh, for his party,  
Oh, for the right  
(Over the left) is Charlie!  
Charlie loves the Widow Ben;  
Charlie loves Sam Randall;  
Charlie loves to knife the Dems  
Clear in up to the handle.

Three clerks were working at their desks,  
All on a Summer's day.  
The chief came in and ran them all out,  
And the rest were allowed to stay.  
Now had those clerks not been at work,  
And had been Republic-un,  
The chances are fifty in twenty-five  
That they would n't have got the run.



Poor baby's been sick since the 4th of March,  
And, though baby has got a new nurse,  
It does n't seem to improve a bit,  
But rather keeps growing worse.  
Heigh-ho, sings Nurse Roosevelt,  
How long will it take that child to get well?  
(Oh, awful the thought to think!)  
If some one, when nurse's back is turned,  
Puts poison in its drink!  
Heigh-ho, sings Nurse Roosevelt.  
G. A. E.



## OLIVES.

Do you eat olives?

This is a question which is being asked constantly in high society, and which every person must answer once for all, if not oftener than that.

It is a question which will interest your digestive faculty very much, a question of vital importance. The new generation, with their appetizers,

live in that happy and tranquil medium between the extremes of the olive and the iron tonic; they acquired a taste for them when they were young, and have kept up the accomplishment ever since.

Olive oil is not made from olives any more than dogmas are made from dogs; there is, however, an extract of this sort sold in this country, but it is very costly. I think a jeweler charged me \$2.50 for putting a drop and a quarter in my watch. The lubricant we grease our salads with is obtained from cotton seeds.

Olives range in price from 15 cents to \$1.50 a quart; but the olive is the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow — it is the bottle which varies in value. When a person buys the 15 cent or bulk olives, he receives them in a paper satchel which allows the saline water to trickle down his clothes to the sidewalk, so that even a Pinkerton detective could trace him to his lair; yet, although he congratulates himself on saving \$1.35, he may be deceived, since the neck of the bottle containing the \$1.50 article is so slim that it will hardly admit the pickle fork, and when the purchaser passes the olives around to some dear friend, he looks the other way while his guest harpoons the fruit, drives it up in a corner, and finally abandons it altogether. Thus a well-selected bottle of olives will last a careful housekeeper a lifetime, and be more economical than the cheaper brand.

P. B. Barnard.



## A LOVER OF LITERATURE.

MR. SEASIDE (during an inspection of his friend DR. DE GROLIER's library). — You seem to be a great admirer of Dickens.  
DR. DE GROLIER. — Yes, indeed! I have all his works here in the original numbers, uncut, and I don't even allow them to be dusted by any hand but my own!

## NO MONEY IN IT.

SMARTT. — Hullo, Sharpe! How's Christian Science gittin' along?  
SHARPE. — Oh, I've give up Christian Science, an' gone back to plain bunco.

## WORTH READING.

MRS. WALKER. — Here is an article headed, "How to Anticipate the Weather." Shall I read it?

MR. WALKER. — Is it by a signal service man?

MRS. WALKER. — No.

MR. WALKER. — Yes; read it.

## THAT ALTERS THE CASE.

BELLE. — I can't see, Mama, why you object to my marrying Jack Savers! He has a sure income of three thousand five hundred dollars a year!

MOTHER. — I am not so sure of that!

BELLE. — But I know it, Mama, from his superior in the Custom House.

MOTHER. — You careless creature! Don't you know he is a Democrat?

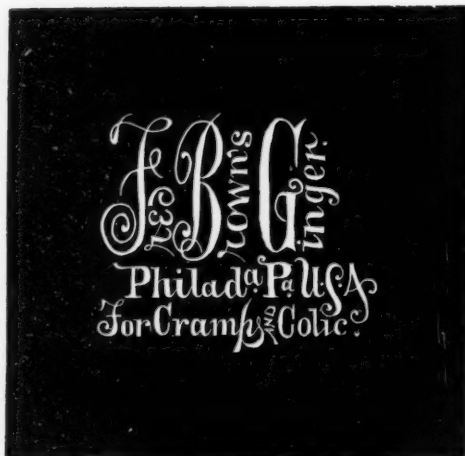
CHAUNCEY DEPEW says: "The American girl has had her day on English soil." And unless the matrimonial market has been incorrectly reported, she has had a fair share of English Knights, too.

JUPKINS has purchased a donkey for his children. He calls it "Max-welton," because its brays are bonnie.

THE MAN who skips his board bill should be made to walk the plank.

IGNORANCE of the law excuses no one — except a policeman with a "pull."

PUT A BEGGAR on horseback and he will ride to the devil; but he will never be able to show the cold, indifferent, haughty stare of the office-boy who swings in the "Old Man's" chair during the latter's absence.



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HE WAS COCK-SURE.  
BROWN.—De Grow looks very poorly, don't he? He has not many years to live, I fear.  
JONES.—He won't live six months, and you can bet on it. I've said so for the last three years, and I know what I'm talking about.—*The Epoch.*

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.  
"How are you?" said a young man effusively to a young theatrical manager. "You are looking finely. I have n't seen you in such apparent good health for a long time."  
"Yes?" said the manager. "How many passes would you like to have for to-night?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

THAT IS THE TIME.  
ALICE.—I've just been reading a newspaper discussion on "When women should marry," Miss Elder. When do you think a girl should marry?  
MISS ELDER (*emphatically*).—Just as soon as she has a proposal.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

AN ANTIQUE JEST.  
"Was Pompeii a seaport?"  
"Guess it was. It had two eyes."—*Harper's Bazar.*



"SOUP SHOULD NOT FORM THE WHOLE MEAL, OR EVEN a substantial part of it," says that autocrat of the breakfast, dinner and tea-table, *Marion Harland*, but is the introduction to the ceremony of dining—the overture to the stately opera. The French never omit it. Their preliminary course is soup, light, clear and varied in flavor and appearance." The reason why Americans are not more fond of soup is because they rarely taste it. Cooks that can make soup are almost as scarce as hen's teeth. If you want to know what soup is try ours. First class grocers everywhere, join in the testimony to its superior quality.

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Send us 14 cents to help pay express and receive a sample can, your choice.

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TOO OFTEN THE CASE.  
BESSIE.—Do you read the departments devoted to women in the Sunday papers?  
JENNIE.—No, my dear. Those articles are only fit for men to read.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

NO TAMPERING ALLOWED.  
THEATER MANAGER (*in newspaper office*).—I wish to see the dramatic critic about a new play I am going to produce.  
SHARP BUSINESS MANAGER.—Yes, sir. He is in the editorial room; but before going up, please leave your valuables in the safe.—*New York Weekly.*

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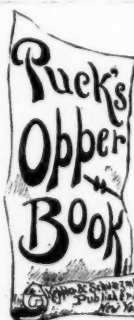
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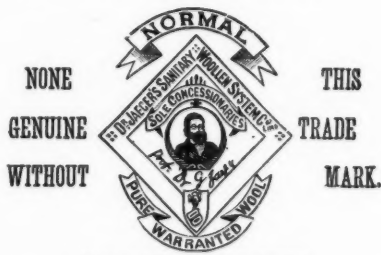
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FOND WIFE.—What are you so busy at?

YOUNG PHYSICIAN.—I am writing a letter to the newspapers, abusing Dr. Blank, the great scientist.

FOND WIFE.—But Dr. Blank has never done you any harm, and you agreed with his theories.

YOUNG PHYSICIAN.—True; but it's against the rule for physicians to advertise, and I must get myself before the public somehow.—*New York Weekly.*

FLAT.

"I can't laugh at Witticus any more."

"Well, he does his level best every time."

"I know; but his best is really very level."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

WATERMELON seeds were found in an Egyptian tomb that was 3,000 years old. There was no doubt about their being watermelon seeds, because the mummy was all doubled up.—*Texas Siftings.*

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### NOT USED TO IT.

FIRST BROOKLYN MAN (*on street car*).—You have n't lived in Brooklyn long, have you?

SECOND BROOKLYN MAN.—No; only a few weeks. How did you know?

FIRST BROOKLYN MAN.—I noticed that when you said you lived in Brooklyn you blushed.—*New York Weekly.*

ADVICE TO A ST. LAWRENCE PILOT.—When you see a rapid "shoot" it on the spot.—*Texas Siftings.*

We read of a Kentucky man who was paralyzed by a mosquito bite. It is a wonder that the bite did n't paralyze the mosquito.—*Texas Siftings.*

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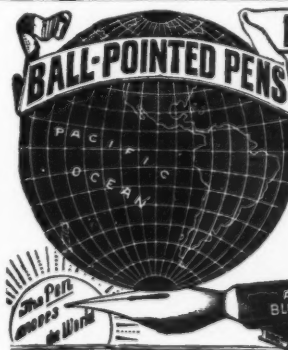
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Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country regarding  
 Materials, Estimates and Samples for  
 Brides' Trousseaux, Costumes, Wraps, etc.

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New Crop of Fall Styles in  
 IMPORTED and DOMESTIC WOOLENS,

Fancy  
 Worsteds,  
 Wide Wale  
 Cheviots,  
 Pin Dots  
 with large  
 Overchecks,  
 Wide Stripes  
 for Trousers  
 In all the  
 Popular Shades.

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*Le Tailor*

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 The Great French Tonic.

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 OF  
 PERUVIAN BARK, IRON  
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 CATALAN WINE.

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RATHER EMBARRASSING.  
 PROUD FATHER (meeting an acquaintance just  
 arrived from Chicago).—By the way, my  
 daughter, Evaline, was married last week.  
 ACQUAINTANCE.—You don't say so! How  
 did it happen?—*Munsey's Weekly.*

PURE LABOR.  
 YOUNG MAN.—Does your sister play the piano,  
 Bobby?  
 BOBBY.—Play it! No; but she works it about  
 seven hours a day.—*Texas Siftings.*

**FACTS.**

Nudis Verbis.

A HIGH CLASS CHAMPAGNE.

Piper-Heidsieck, Sec,

is as good as any Wine imported, and is sold in  
 these United States by Importer, Wine Merchant,  
 Grocer, and Restaurateur at less profit than any  
 other brand: *id est*,

Better Value to Consumer.

**FACTS.**

EASY AS SWIMMIN'.  
 BAYVILLE VISITOR.—I would like to get you  
 to teach me to sail a boat.  
 BOATMAN.—Sail a boat? Why, it's easy as  
 swimmin'. Jest grasp the main sheet with one  
 hand, an' the tiller with the other, an' if a flaw  
 strikes, ease up or bring 'er to, an' loose the  
 halyards; but look out fer the gaff an' boom, or  
 the hull thing 'll be in the water, an' ye 'll be  
 upst; but if the wind is steady y'r all right,  
 unless y'r too slow in luffin' too; 'cause then  
 y'll be upst sure. Jump right in an' try it;  
 but, remember, whatever ye do, don't jibe.—  
*New York Weekly.*

A BAD BREAK.  
 HE (singing softly).—"Oh, would I were a  
 bird!"  
 SHE (absent-mindedly).—"Oh, would I were  
 a gun!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

**SIMPLY PERFECT.**

The Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has  
 equipped its trains with dining cars of the latest pattern, and on  
 and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Coun-  
 cil Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland,  
 Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market  
 affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace  
 Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.

**Crosse & Blackwell's**  
**FRESH FRUIT JAMS,**

Made from English Fresh Fruits  
 AND REFINED SUGAR,  
 ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS  
 IN THE UNITED STATES. 62

LIKE A FISH.

"Do you see that man across the street?"  
 "Yes."  
 "He drinks like a fish."  
 "Did n't it ever strike you that the expression  
 'drinks like a fish' is all wrong?"  
 "Not in a case like this."  
 "Why not?"  
 "He takes his liquor by gills."—*Merchant  
 Traveler.*

TRUTH FOR ONCE.

GILES.—I'm glad I let that fellow have the  
 small loan. He seemed overwhelmed with grati-  
 tude, and said he could never repay me.  
 MERRITT.—That was strange. He told you  
 the truth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SUCH is the power of fashion's behest that  
 were Wales to carry his trousers on his arm,  
 one half the dudes in Christendom would be  
 following his example. The other half would  
 be waiting to find out which arm.—*Munsey's  
 Weekly.*

**FACTS.**

**FACTS.**

Best Made  
 Fountain, \$1.50  
 Stylo, \$1.00,  
 and upward.

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 Circulars Free.  
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 antiques.

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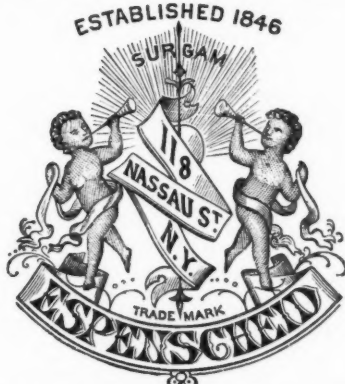
THE person who used the expression "drink, pretty creature, drink," probably had reference to the swallow. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

THE man who thinks it fun to get drunk has a strange idea of the humorous side of life. — *Boston Courier*.

THE scissors editor is a cliptomaniac. — *Merchant Traveler*.

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